

## FEDERAL BUILDING

### Sites Chosen By the Chamber of Commerce.

Three sites have been selected by the Chamber of Commerce as suitable locations upon which to erect a Federal building. These sites were agreed upon in a resolution passed yesterday at a meeting of the trustees of the Chamber of Commerce, as follows:

Resolved, That the President and Secretary of this body be requested to communicate with the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, on the urgent need of Honolulu for a Federal building, suitable to the present and future needs of Federal officers, and petitioning that official to recommend an appropriation for such purpose in his next report to Congress.

Resolved, Further, That the President and Secretary, in so presenting the matter to the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, request that should an appropriation be made, such public building be erected on any suitable site within the following boundaries: Commencing at Halekuanila street, up Fort street, to Hotel street, along Hotel street to Richards street, down Richards street, along King street to Millard street, down Millard street to Halekuanila street, along Halekuanila street to place to beginning.

And Resolved, Further, That the President and Secretary hand a copy of this resolution to Hawaii's Delegate to Congress, with the request that he do all in his power to procure an appropriation for said purpose.

Resolved, That the President and Secretary communicate with the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury of the United States on the necessity of securing a Revenue Cutter for service in the Hawaiian Islands, and respectfully request that official to embody in his report to Congress a recommendation for an adequate appropriation for that purpose.

And Further Resolved, That a copy of this Resolution be handed by the President and Secretary to the Delegate from the Territory of Hawaii to Congress, with the request that he use all means in his power to secure such appropriation.

Resolutions of regret concerning the death of S. Edward Damon, were also passed.

#### MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS.

There are many people who have pains in the back and imagine that their kidneys are affected, while their only trouble is rheumatism of the muscles, which can be cured by a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, or by dampening a piece of flannel with the Pain Balm and binding it over the affected parts. A pain in the side or chest should be treated in the same manner and prompt relief is sure to follow. For sale by all dealers and druggists. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

### THE ST. ANDREW'S QUIET DAY SERVICE

A Quiet day for women will be held today at St. Andrew's Cathedral, beginning with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 10 o'clock. This will be followed by a meditation and prayer until 12 o'clock when lunch will be served in the Sunday school room. From 1:15 p. m. the Quiet day will be continued until 4 o'clock when it will be closed with evening prayer.

Women generally are invited to attend these services. Those who cannot attend throughout will find opportunity to come or go as may be most convenient.

## Convincing Proof

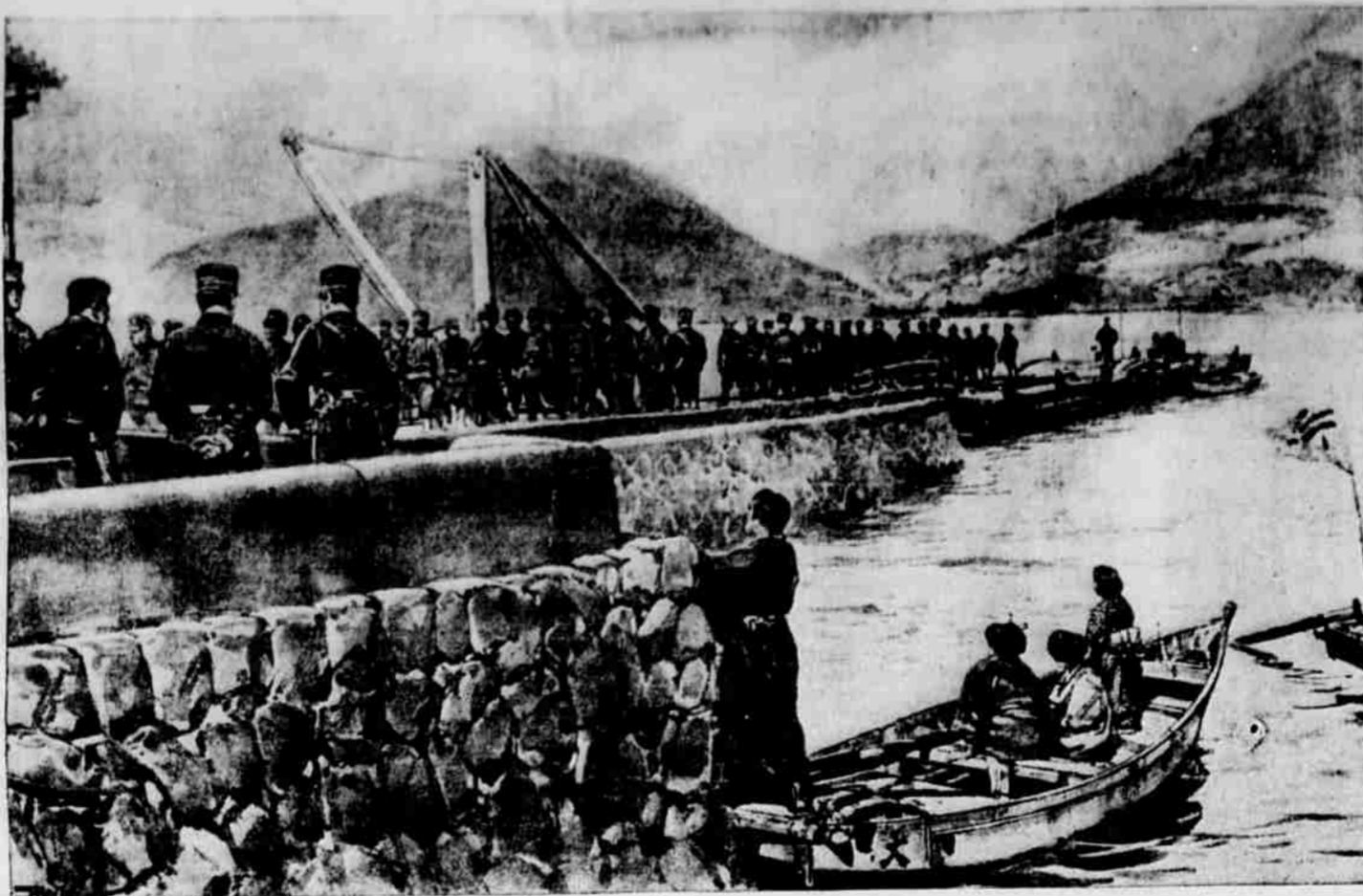
The Average Honolulu Citizen Must Accept the Following Proof.

The great Sir Isaac Newton, one of the most profound reasoners the world ever produced, once cut a large hole in a board fence to allow a favorite cat access to two gardens, and cut a smaller hole to allow her kitten to follow her. The weakness manifested in Sir Isaac's action was due to want of thought. Any reader who mentally debates the proof offered here about Doan's Backache Kidney Pills and arrives at any other conclusion than that stated in this citizen's statement, is as short of reasoning powers as the philosopher when he turned carpenter.

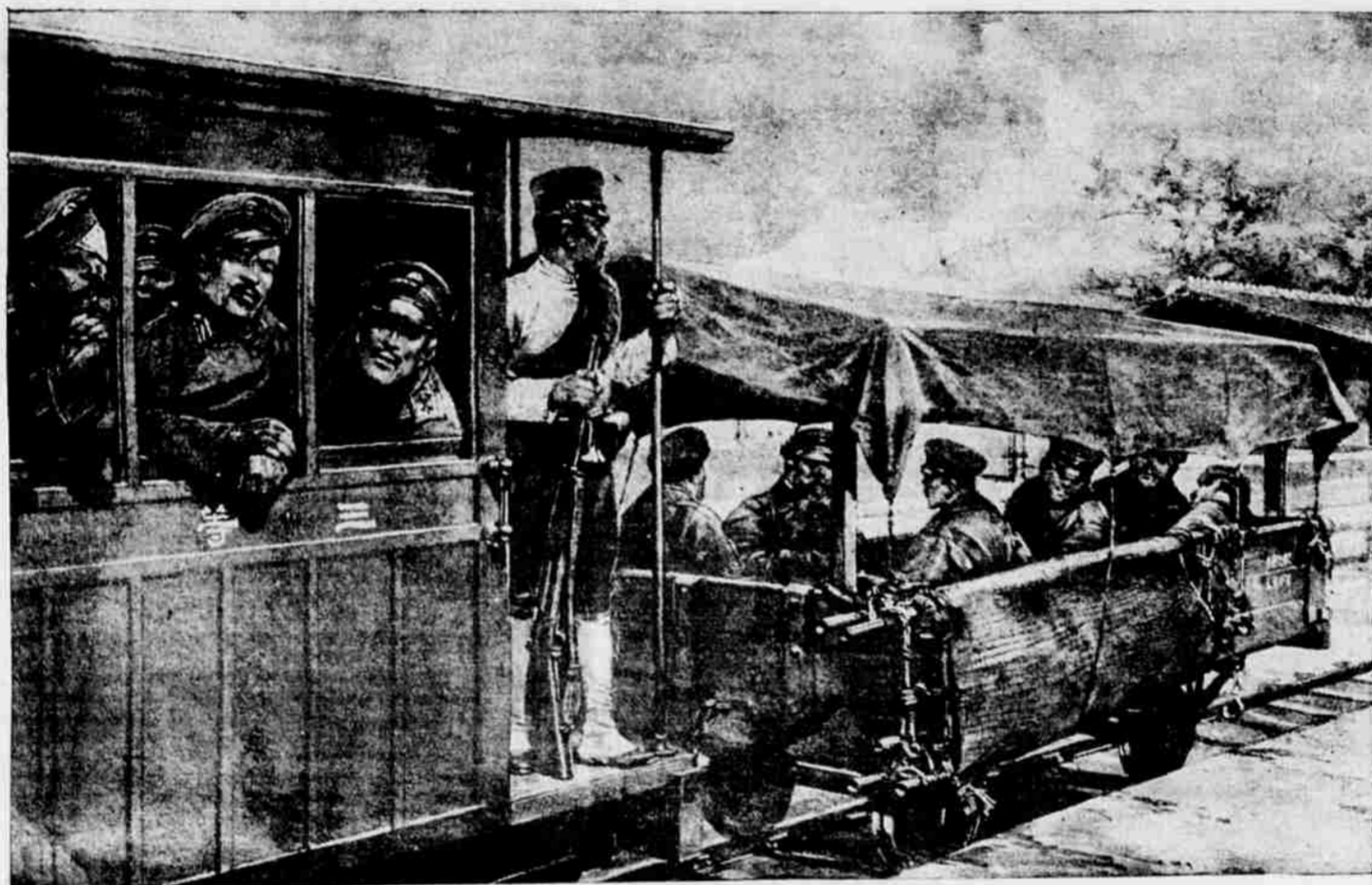
Mr. H. E. Swinton of this city says: "I was a long sufferer from backache, having been afflicted with it for twelve years. Taking this as a symptom of kidney trouble, and seeing Doan's Backache Kidney Pills advertised as being good for complaints such as mine, I procured some of them at the Holistic Drug Co.'s store. I found upon taking them that they were doing me good, and was thereby encouraged to keep on until now I am cured of the backache. The merits of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have been strikingly shown in my case, and I recommend them to other sufferers."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold by all chemists and druggists at 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be mailed on receipt of price by the Holistic Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

## RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT MATSUYAMA.



ARRIVAL OF PRISONERS.



ROUGH COMFORT IN A PRISON TRUCK: ENTRAINING RUSSIAN PRISONERS FOR MATSUYAMA.

The Japanese consideration for their prisoners is almost unparalleled in the history of warfare. Here, although the captives can be accommodated only in a railway truck, they have been carefully provided with an awning.

## GOLD MINE WAS A CURSE.

### Famous Lost Lode Responsible For Many Horrible Deaths In the Desert.

The series of longitudinal valley that traverses the central-southern portion of Nevada, terminating in the Death Valley of California, formerly bore the general name of Ralston Desert—a wide, arid region given over to scrubby sagebrush and cacti, and to the buzzards, for whose epicurian palate the hapless miner who sought to shorten his journey to California too often provided a sumptuous repast.

Three-Fingered Jack Hoover, heralded in song by our own "Gene Field," was the only man in the Watson district who dared to drive a stage coach straight through the Ralston. But there came a day when Hoover found something more interesting than spinning yarns about Red Horse Mountain days. For a score of years he had been seeking, at odd times, the famous Lost gold mine, a vein in the heart of the desert so rich that its possessor would become a king among millionaires, and in the spring of '81 he struck his lead.

Three-Fingered Hoover was far too shrewd a man to take any one into his confidence, for he knew the riffraff, the offshoots of civilization that comprised the society of that godless country. He had passed the meridian of life, and the fire of his nature could no longer be kindled even by the sight of gold; so he kept his own counsel while he toiled in the Watson silver mines and hoarded up money wherewith to develop his wonderful find.

At length the help of another man seemed indispensable, and he selected the sturdiest man in the camp. To him West the sun was as likely to sink in the north as anywhere else; moreover he could handle a pick and shovel with ability, but here his catalogue of virtues came to an end. Hoover had no fear that West would betray his secret, for the obvious

reason that West knew as little about the location of the claim after he had visited it as he did before.

Twenty-five miles from the Reese range Joe Harris had pre-empted a gem of an oasis some 40 acres in area, and here with the help of his fourteen-year-old boy, Billy, and half a dozen ranch hands, he managed to raise enough beef and produce for old Watson's men.

To this delightful spot, known the country over as Cloverdale ranch, Hoover and West repaired late one Saturday night. While they were feeding their horses they discussed, with unguarded freedom, their plans for the ensuing day, and Billy Harris, concealed behind the haystack, drank in every word of their thrilling conversation.

"Let me go 'long, Jack?" he pleaded, when his sagacity had reached such a pitch that he could no longer remain in hiding.

Hoover laughed good-naturedly at the boy and promised to take him next time, but Billy was not to be put off with "next time." Nor a wink of sleep came to his pillow that night, and before daylight he was on the horseback waiting for the departure of Three-Fingered Hoover and his companion.

On Tuesday word was received at the Watson River mine that Billy had not been seen since Monday morning, and that his father held Hoover and West to account. "Looks mighty dark for you," the sheriff said to Hoover. "Billy told one of the hands that he showed where your claim was, so the whole business is a kind of a circumstantial evidence against you."

"Hoover, at noon on the day of it I don't know the boy nor Hoover nor the two of 'em together and up, Jack for turned against."

At daybreak next morning a party of 40 mounted men set out for Cloverdale ranch. Most of them had hunted men in the desert before, and the prospect was by no means a pleasing one, but there was something more than a feeling of pity for a comrade in trouble to stimulate them, for somewhere in the heart of the Ralston lay Three-Fingered Hoover's Eldorado.

At the ranch the company broke up, going in groups of 10, to each of the points of the compass. They were provided with a week's supply of food and water, and signals of distress and triumph had previously been agreed upon.

The party that set out toward the south was headed by Three-Fingered Hoover and Dan West, with the father of the missing boy in charge of the Sheriff, for the disposition was still strong in him to make short work of the supposed murderers of his child.

Endless vistas of desert sand stretched away in every direction; with never a trace of vegetation save a scanty growth of sagebrush, and overhead the clear, thin blue of the desert sky.

Two days and nights were passed on the burning sand, and on the evening of the third day Hoover described a flock of buzzards wheeling in ever-beseeching circles in the transparent heavens. Too well he understood why those unneighborly birds had assembled themselves, galloping ahead of the party, he scrutinized the sand. Presently an exclamation of mingled triumph and dismay burst from his lips and the rope that in fancy he had been weaving about his neck loosened its hold.

"Look! If it ain't Billy it's some other poor devil that's gone mad in the desert. Maybe he kin save him yet if he ain't gone too far. He must be 'further side of the ridge now. He'll come 'round 'round to this side pretty soon, an' we kin catch him an' wrap a wet blanket around him an' it takes every blasted strap we've got in the world," he whispered to West.

"Yes, if he ain't done pestered out an' dazed down. But what's them buzzards a-bout here? Looks like there was something dead 'round here," West retorted.

At that moment the Sheriff was pointing out to Dan Harris the beaten path in the sand—the wide circle that

Billy's blistered feet had traveled a hundred times since the torment of three days in the desert had dethroned his reason. A dumb, white anguish settled over the sturdy ranchman and his body relaxed for a moment in the saddle. Then suddenly he started up, put spurs to his horse and, with a yell that must have aroused the demons in torment, galloped across the ridge. At the first shot from his revolver the vultures fluttered up from their repast and raised themselves majestically into the clear blue above.

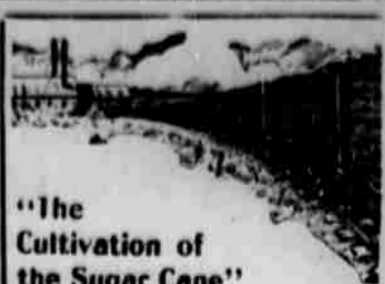
Harris flung himself from his horse and sank on the sand beside the awful remains of what was once his hope and pride. The body was bloated almost to bursting. From the left cheek and brow the flesh was gone, leaving one great staring eye loose in its socket, and among the clots of hair the naked skull gleamed through. As the rest of the party approached the father, crouched like a hunted beast and covered the wreck of a face with his hat.

"Don't let 'em see," he whispered to the Sheriff. But Hoover was not to be shut out of that group. With the tenderness of a woman he raised the boy in his arms and wrapped the blanket around him. His companions advised that the body be buried in the sand, for the modern process of embalming was not to be had in the desert. But the sturdy old miner heard not their remonstrances. With his awful burden clasped closely to his arms he turned his horse's head toward Cloverdale ranch.

As soon as darkness settled brush fires were kindled on the highest porphyry ridges to notify the other search parties that their services were no longer needed. Most of them went at once to New Boston to resume their work for a federal that had not been preceded by a fight or a lynching possessed little charm for them.

Beside the merry little Cloverdale creek the ranch hands dug a shallow grave, close to where Billy's mother had been buried five years before. As the loose earth settled down on the rude pile Hoover threw three his arms around the heartbroken father and the two men wept.

"It's all the curse o' gold, Joe," he said. "I should have my soul for it; but my mother's prayer has overruled in my case, an' now the Lord has acted



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me back."

The following day Hoover was blown into eternity by a belated shot in the Watson silver mine. Two weeks later Dan West, in search of Hoover's claim, met the awful fate of madness, the circular path and a death of nameless horror in the desert. How many other men have followed in his footsteps in search of that chimerical lode only the vultures can tell—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Neal of Maui, returned from the mainland on the Panama, and, pending their departure for the Sydney Isle, are guests at the Alexander Young Hotel.